King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong,
Goe to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure ranſomeleſſe and free.
His valour ſhewen upon our Creſts to day,
Hath tought us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſome of our adverſaries.

King. Then this remaines that we divide our power:
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
Toward *Yorke* ſhall bend you with your deareſt ſpeede,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will toward *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let us not leave till all our owne be wonne.

FINIS.

THE
Tragœdy of Oth
The Moore of Venice.

As it hath beene diuerſe times ac
Globe, and at the Black-Friers
his Maieſties Seruants.

Written by VVilliam Shakeſpe

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